Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarece?
And litle Ned Plantagenet, his sonne?
Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?
King. A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets sounds.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my sonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my father and your selfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
King. Madame I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my speech.
King. And briefe good mother, for I am in haste.
Dut. Art thou so hastie I haue staid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.
King. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowst it well,
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious: *
Thy age confirmd, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
K. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakefast once forth of my companie:
If it be so gratious in your sight, disgracious grieuous
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,

Which

* Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold & venturous.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF S